

Tattooed Heart

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Tattooed Heart by rauqthetommo

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Summary:

Richie gets a tattoo to surprise Eddie.

Tattooed Heart

"I got you something." Richie leaned over the island, elbows resting on the hard granite.

"Is it hot sex?" Eddie asked over his shoulder, scrubbing furiously at a pan in the sink. "How the fuck did I fuck up scrambled eggs so badly, Rich?" Eddie sounded annoyed and it made Richie's smile. "Seriously." Eddie held up the ruined pan for Richie to see. "What the fuck?"

"We can just buy another pan, honey." Richie smiled fondly.

"This is part of a set." Eddie shook his head and tossed the pan back down into the sink. "We can't just buy one pan." Eddie sighed and turned to face Richie, leaning against the counter and crossing his arms over his chest. "What the fuck is that look for?" Eddie demanded.

"What look?" Richie cocked his head.

"The fucking look you're giving me, dipshit. What did you do?"

"Me?" Richie feigned surprise. "Why, I haven't done anything, Eddie, my dear. What makes you say that?"

"I've known you a long fucking time, Richie." Eddie brought one of his hands up to rake through his hair. "I know you well enough to know when you're up to something, which you so clearly are, so just tell me." Eddie looked Richie up and down, eyes landing on his upper arm underneath his jacket sleeve.

Motherfucker. Richie cursed in his head. *How could he tell?*

"Didn't you say you had something for me?" Eddie asked, eyes narrowing as he focused in on Richie's arm.

"I do indeed, hotcakes." Richie grinned again, unzipping his jacket and shrugging out of it. "And you're gonna love it." Richie promised, draping the jacket over the back of one of their barstools. He knew

Eddie was watching him intently already, because he knew how much his arms and his shoulders turned Eddie on. Eddie told him that all the time, that he loved how big and broad Richie's arms and shoulders and chest were, so Richie already knew he had Eddie's full attention when he began rolling up his right shirt sleeve.

"What is th—" Eddie knit his eyebrows together, watching Richie's hands as he moved. "Richie, you didn't." Eddie brought his hand up to cover his mouth.

"Oh, I did, baby." Richie smiled, opting to take off his button down instead of trying to keep the sleeve cuffed. He spread his arms, having shed all of his top layers but his undershirt, revealing the plastic wrap still taped securely around his upper arm. Eddie stepped forward and pulled the cling wrap away, wrinkling his nose at the blood and aftercare ointment on the clear material. "Do you like it?" Richie studied Eddie's face as Eddie took Richie's arm in his hands and turned it, pulling him closer to the light. When he didn't respond, Richie got nervous. "Eds?" When Eddie looked up he was crying, a few silent tears running down his cheeks. "Oh no, Eds—"

"You're such a fucking dickhead, Richie." Eddie shoved his shoulder.

"Do you hate it?"

"I fucking love it, you idiot." Eddie gave Richie a watery smile, standing up on his toes to meet Richie's lips in a kiss.

Richie smiled when Eddie pulled back, looking down at his new tattoo. Big and bold, on the inside of his right bicep, was a plate of spaghetti, with a puddle of red sauce on top and little heart shaped white spots the were meant to look like Parmesan sprinkled over the whole thing. "I knew you would."

Eddie ran his fingers over the fresh ink, eyes tracing the lines. "It looks really good, Richie. Like, *really* good."

"Well, duh." Richie reached up and brushed some of Eddie's hair behind his ear. "I gave the artist a picture. He did a really swell job, Eds, it looks just like you."

Eddie smiled again and swatted Richie's chest. "You're such a fucking idiot sometimes."

"You wound me, baby." Richie placed his hand flat over his heart.

"Richie, this is so fucking sweet." Eddie wrapped his arms around Richie's middle and buried his face in his chest. "This is the nicest thing anyone has ever done for me, really."

"Well, I'm glad you like it, Spaghetti-Man, because it's not going away anytime soon." Eddie pulled back to look at him while he spoke. "Did you know these things are permanent? Of course, the guy didn't tell me until *afterwards*, so—"

"Beep beep, Richie, for the love of god." Eddie rolled his eyes and leaned up to catch Richie's lips in another kiss.

"Mm," Richie moaned softly into Eddie's mouth as Eddie tilted his head to the side, pushing his tongue between Richie's lips and behind his teeth.

"Fuck, I love you so much." Eddie mumbled, breaking their kiss for a second so he could look into Richie's eyes. "I seriously fucking love you, Richie."

"I love you too, Eddie Spaghetti." Richie smiled down at him, bringing his hands up to cup Eddie's face. "And now I'll always have this reminder of my love." Richie held his arm out again.

Eddie tilted his head to the side and pressed a soft kiss to Richie's bicep, directly over top of the new addition to his pale skin. "I can't believe you did this for me, Richie." Eddie shook his head like he really couldn't believe it, moving his hands to unbuckle Richie's belt.

"Well, believe it, baby-love, because it's all for you." Richie rested his hands on Eddie's shoulders as Eddie dropped to his knees, tugging Richie's jeans down with him as he went.

Eddie didn't waste any time taking Richie's cock in his hand, pumping him slowly as his dick began to stiffen at the contact. "I love you," Eddie said softly, looking up to meet Richie's eyes.

"I love you too, sweetheart." Richie smiled down at him, taking Eddie's chin in his hand.

Richie hung his head back as Eddie took his cock in his mouth, sliding all the way down and letting Richie's full length push down his throat. His arm was still a little sore from the fresh tattoo, so he was glad to have a distraction from the dull sting, especially a distraction as pretty as Eddie.

Eddie bobbed quickly around him, steadying himself with one hand flat against the island, his other hand working up and down Richie's cock as he slid on and off. He hummed softly around Richie, vibrating his bone marrow and causing Richie to curse out, grabbing a fistful of Eddie's dark hair and yanking. "Fucking shit, Eddie, Jesus." Richie moaned.

"Mm," Eddie mumbled, squeezing Richie's thigh to get his attention.

Eddie kept Richie's cock in his mouth when Richie looked down at him, throat twitching around him as Eddie breathed in and out. "Fuck, you look so pretty." Richie stroked his thumb over Eddie's cheekbone.

Eddie snorted a small laugh and winked at him, raising up two of his fingers and waving them between himself and Richie. *Eye contact.* Richie nodded, scratching his fingers through Eddie's hair, roughing it up. Eddie kept his eyes locked with Richie as he continued to suck him off, making obscene slurping sounds every time he pulled back, taking time to suckle at the head. "God, Eddie, that feels so good." Richie said softly.

Eddie raised his right hand and made a duckbill shape, opening and closing his fingers a few time. *Keep talking.* When Richie raised his eyebrows, Eddie gave him a thumbs up and another wink, pulling off briefly to press a kiss to Richie's hipbone. "Keep talking, motormouth, I want to hear you."

"It's *Trashmouth*," Richie corrected, smiling when Eddie rolled his eyes. "I don't know what other men you're sleeping with, but I'd appreciate it if you didn't bring them up in front of me."

Eddie huffed a small laugh, stroking Richie with his left hand. "I would say 'beep beep,' but, for once, I don't actually want you to shut up."

"Your wish is my command, lover boy." Richie gasped out as Eddie swallowed him down again, dark eyes locked with Richie's the whole time. He winked again. "God, you're so fucking sexy, Eds." Richie praised, dragging his thumb over Eddie's forehead. "I was thinking about you the whole time I was in the chair." Richie twisted his arm so he could see his tattoo. "The artist asked me all about you. He wanted to know all about the man who came and swept me off of my feet." Richie pushed Eddie's hair off of his forehead. "God, I went to show the artist this one picture of you— the one at the botanical gardens last year, remember?" Eddie hummed around the cock in his throat, so Richie took that as confirmation that he did, in fact, remember. "But while I was looking for it I kept scrolling past all of these other photos of you, ones that I can't— or shouldn't, rather, show other people." Richie smiled when Eddie looked up at him. "You look so pretty in all of those pictures, Eds really. All fucked out or spread open for me." Eddie eyelids fluttered. Richie knew that Eddie loved when Richie took pictures of him, and Richie loved it too. He loved to be able to look back on their memories, especially when he was away for a show and needed something to jerk off to. He didn't even need to watch porn, because he had all of the pictures of Eddie he could ever want. "You're doing so well, Eddie." Richie said softly as Eddie cocked his head to the right, getting a different angle on Richie's cock as he continued to bob up and down, up and down, working his hands over Richie at the same time. "That feels incredible, fuck, and you look so fucking good." He really did, his lips slick with spit and his entire face flushed a pretty bright pink. It didn't take very much longer for Richie to finish, cumming right down Eddie's throat while looking into his eyes.

Eddie stroked Richie through his orgasm, only standing when Richie caught his wrist and pulled him up. "I love you," Eddie kissed him softly.

"I love you too, Spaghetti." Richie smiled into Eddie's mouth before wrapping his hand around Eddie's waist and spinning them backwards, lifting Eddie up and sitting him down on top of the

island. "Your turn."

Richie kissed a straight line down Eddie's front, over his t-shirt, dragging up the hem of it to kiss along the waistline of Eddie's jeans. "Rich, baby, I'm fucking struggling here." Eddie said softly, arching his hips off of the counter to press against Richie's chest.

Richie looked up and smiled from where he was kissing Eddie's happy trail. "You're lucky you're so goddamn cute, Spaghetti." Richie whispered, unbuckling Eddie's belt and sliding his jeans and boxers off in one go.

Richie still went teasingly slow, peppering kisses up Eddie's flushed and leaking cock, mouthing at the head until Eddie was whining, hands tangled in Richie's curly hair. "Rich, come on." Eddie complained. "I didn't tease you like this."

"Alright, alright." Richie relented, placing one final kiss just above where Eddie's cock curved against his stomach. "Touch yourself for me." Richie said lowly, spreading Eddie's legs apart with his hands and ducking down to lick over his rim.

Eddie did as he was told, wrapping a hand around himself and jerking quickly while Richie pushed his tongue in and out, alternating long licks and quick kisses over Eddie's hole. "Fuck," Eddie choked out, closing his eyes, quickening his pace.

"God, you taste so good, Eds." Richie mumbled, turning his head to bite the inside of Eddie's thigh before returning to tongue fucking him. "I love you."

"Fuck, Richie, I love you too." Eddie gasped out as he came, riding Richie's face through his orgasm.

Richie pulled back and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand before kissing back up Eddie's body, taking the time to lap up the evidence of Eddie's orgasm off the soft fabric of his t-shirt. Eddie sat up a little to meet Richie's lips in a kiss, pushing his tongue into Richie's mouth.

When they pulled back, Richie smiled at him. "Love you,"

"I love you too." Eddie smiled back, pecking him on the lips again. "You taste disgusting." Eddie wrinkled his nose.

"It's you, babe." Richie laughed. "You taste like me."

"Mm," Eddie sighed through his nose as Richie kissed him again, just a soft peck on the lips. "God, I love you." Eddie smiled against Richie's mouth. "And I love this." He gently squeezed Richie's upper arm, running his fingers along the spaghetti tattoo.

"I'm glad you like it so much." Richie said with a stupid grin. "Now I can finally show you the tattoo of your name on my ass that I've had all these years."

Eddie swatted Richie's shoulder and laughed, rolling his eyes. "Shut the fuck up and kiss me, dickhead."

"That, I can do."